



Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—

JUNE
1961





A TRUCK in the first convoy to China over the Ledo-Burma Road passes over the Mekone River on a bridge in China. U. S. Army Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

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JUNE, 1961

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer **Editor**

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

• A change of ownership becomes effective with this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Clarence R. Gordon of Denver, Colo., its creator and editor for 15 years, has sold the magazine to Neil L. Maurer of Laurens, Iowa, who has been co-editor since 1958. There will be no change in office of publication, inasmuch as it was moved to Laurens three years ago. We are happy to announce that Clarence has consented to serve as associate editor, even though his time is limited because of the demands of his wholesale importing business, "Bazaar of India."

• To many readers—in fact, to thousands of persons throughout the country—Clarence R. Gordon is "Mr. CBI." He started Ex-CBI Roundup right after the war; has talked, breathed and lived CBI ever since. He began with a handful of loyal readers, dug up names and addresses of CBI veterans from every possible source, put out the kind of a magazine they wanted to read. He has helped keep alive the wartime friendships of thousands of CBIs. We sincerely hope that Ex-CBI Roundup can continue to do the job he has done so well.

• This month's cover shows an American medic, Capt. Shelley A. Swift of Salt Lake City, Utah, doctoring an inflation on the leg of a Shan child in Burma. U. S. Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

• Time flies, and the 1961 CBI Reunion isn't far away. Be sure to read the article about it in this issue.

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Deep Sea Fishing

• Anyone interested in a deep sea fishing party before or after the 1961 CBI Reunion should contact Gerry Moore at 1235 Diamond Street, San Francisco. RAY KIRKPATRICK, San Francisco, Calif.

New Ambassador

• Another ex-CBIer who has achieved fame is William McChesney Blair, Jr., of Chicago, Ill., who has been appointed the U. S. ambassador to Denmark. He served about a year in Calcutta and nine months at Myitkyina, and then went to Chungking.

LeROY W. HASSE,
Joliet, Ill.



CHILDREN in Kunming, China. Note the bound feet of little girl in foreground. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.



PLOWING for rice planting at Kunming, China. U. S. Army photo from Wilbur McAlister.

Iowa Spring Meeting

• There were 130 CBI vets and their wives at the Iowa Basha spring meeting, dinner and dance at Amana on April 8, setting a new attendance record. Bill and Lina Leichsenring were given two brass vases from the basha by John Lee for the hospitality they have extended the Iowans at the Ox Yoke Inn for the past 10 years. Thirteen new ex-CBers were on hand to join CBIVA, and were taken on a tour of the Amana colonies by Fritz Marz. They are Don Hall, John Safronek, Royce A. King, Edward M. Freeman, John H. Ahrens, Herbert Davis, Leonard Abels, Dale E. Marsh, Bruce Duggar, Merlyn Richey, Fred Walk, Robert Frye and Charles Hankes. National Vice-Commander George Marquardt and his wife came out from Chesterton, Ind., as did Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pohorsky, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cicerello and Mr. and Mrs. Red Adams from Wisconsin. New officers elected were Samuel A. Weeks of Washington, commander; Ben P. Hopkins of Montezuma, vice-commander; Ray Alderson of Dubuque, adjutant;

Leonard Abels of Des Moines, judge advocate; Harold A. Hawk of Des Moines, chaplain; Hazel Hawk of Des Moines, historian; Glen Lauffer of Des Moines, public relations; Marvin Null of Onslow, sergeant at arms; and Kermit Kuhlman of Colesburg, John W. Lee of Washington and Leo Miner of Cedar

Rapids, board of directors. The uniform party was also well received with about 25 bringing along their old jackets, and this is another idea for other bashas to use. The fall meeting of the Iowa Basha will be in Des Moines Oct. 7-8 when the 14 original members will be honored.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Reunion Bound

• Expect to be in San Francisco for 14th reunion. Greatest reunion in my estimation; I look forward to it every summer.

SHELBY WELCH,
Carlyle, Ill.

Lyman B. Lockwood

• A New York paper reported the recent death of Lt. Col. Lyman B. Lockwood, USAF (Ret.), at the age of 69. Colonel Lockwood was a fighter and bomber pilot in World War I and an air inspector with the 69th Composite Wing, 14th Air Force, in China during World War II. He had been living at Shrewsbury, N. J. His wife, Winifred, survives.

CARLETON JACOBSON,
Peoria, Ill.



FURNITURE is piled high on this wagon at Agra, India. Note small front wheels of vehicle. Photo by Charles Fram.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

82nd Supply Squadron

• Was glad to see in the May issue a letter from Leo Bialek, Inverness, Mont., about personnel of the old 82nd Supply Squadron. Would like to tell Leo that: Jack Anderson is here and we see each other regularly, Albert Andersen is a longshore checker around Seattle somewhere, believe Ivan Moore, Ray Greene and Cliff Olson are still living around here but haven't seen them lately. Louie Alm operates a feed store at nearby Snoqualmie, Wash. Frank Roblin and Oliver Kimmel have both passed away since the war. Still receive Christmas cards every year from Pop Singley and Syd Kaplan. Syd was ranking non-com in Leo's medic outfit. Also I can verify Leo's statement that he was in the advance detail that went from the 3rd Air Depot at Agra to Calcutta to set up what later became the Bengal Air Depot.

BOB LASS,
Seattle, Wash.

Legion World Series

• Went overseas with the 37th Q. M. Pack Troop but spent most of my overseas service with the 327th Q. M. Depot Supply Co. Would be glad to hear from any of the fellows of either outfit, or better yet to see any of them. Baseball fans would enjoy a visit here in August when Hastings will host the Legion World Series for the third straight year. CBIers welcome.

BOB FRANK,
1337 N. Pine,
Hastings, Neb.

Memories Strong

• Another year gone but memories still strong due to the old Roundup. Please extend our best wishes to all 96th Field Hospital members and friends. Chaplain Marion F. Woods due to return to U. S. from mission duties in Costa Rica this month for furlough and further study. Col. Karl D. MacMillan in France in charge of a large Army hospital. Memories of India

are being renewed here by the return of a young lady from Troy High School who has been in India as a guest of India Rotarians as an exchange student. She has been writing some of her experiences for the local paper and doing a fine job I might add.

TED CALKINS,
Ex-Chaplain's Asst.
Troy, Pa.

Joe Yachmin

• Another Sookerting man, Joe Yachmin of Natrona, Pa., died recently at his home with acute leukemia. He is survived by his wife and one son.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Roy Gatewood

• Just learned of the death of Roy Gatewood in Mount Carmel, Ill., on April 23 of a heart condition. Roy served with the 709 E.P.D. Co. in CBI.

LOUIS W. GWIN,
Percy, Ill.



SHIPS ON THE C.B.I. RUN . . . No. 7 in a Series

This is the U.S.S. Gen. Charles G. Morton, another of the many ships that hauled troops to and from the CBI Theater. The story of one of the many trips made by the Morton appears in this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup, as told by Joel H. Springer Jr.

Saga of the "Snortin' Morton"

By JOEL H. SPRINGER JR.

Mid-January 1946 found several thousands of men cramming Camp Kanchrapara about 40-miles outside of Calcutta awaiting transportation home, to good old Uncle Sugar, many with far more than enough points for discharge.

Suddenly one afternoon about 300 to 400 men are alerted to fly across India to Karachi and Camp Malir to sail on the last ship leaving from that port, as Camp Malir was in the process of closing down.

After an uneventful flight, we all settled for about a week at Camp Malir to await the ship, which finally arrived, and after the many "hurry ups to wait" we finally sailed away from the East Wharf in Karachi on January 28th, 1946, aboard the U. S. Navy troop-transport USS GENERAL CHARLES G. MORTON, under command of Captain S. K. Hall, USN.

Destination, we were told, was to be New York, and many of the 3,300 men aboard were quite pleased to learn of this, for it would have meant a complete trip around the world for many of us had come to CBI via the Pacific Ocean.

Alas, this expense-paid, round-the-world cruise was just not to be. It was on either the first or second day out of Karachi, that it was announced that the ship had somehow managed to burn out the main generator!

The Skipper, Captain Hall, not wanting to make the lengthy run to the States without a spare generator, in the event something happened to the only one left, wisely changed course, turned South, and headed for Colombo, Ceylon, to

attempt to obtain another generator from the British Naval Installation there. Now, today, it is hard to recall whether we wanted A. C. or D. C., or whether it was 50-cycle or 60-cycle that we needed, however, whatever it was that was needed, the British Navy was of no help, for they only had the opposite of what was needed.

In view of this "unlucky" circumstance, the entire route or course of the ship was changed, and the final destination of the General Charles G. Morton was to be the West Coast of the United States.

February 7th, 1946, found us pulling into the Main Harbor at Singapore to once again try for a new generator, and at the same time to take on water. After dropping anchor in the Harbor, and having the most necessary contacts by radio and signal with the shore stations, it was learned that some sort of epidemic was running wild at that moment in Singapore, and due to this, neither water nor anything else could be brought aboard. It never was learned by the troops whether the proper generator was available at this point either.

Hauling the anchor aboard on the morning of February 8th we steamed out of Singapore, heading this time for the U. S. Naval Base in the Philippine Islands.

Although the weather was clear and no storms in sight, for the next three days, as we steamed North through the South China Sea, we found extremely heavy seas running, causing the General Morton to do quite a bit of pitching and rolling. By now, the ship had already earned herself the affectionate (?) nickname of the "Snortin' Morton."

During this three-day period in the South China Sea, we sometimes found ourselves looking up at the water, instead of down in the normal manner. Good, heavy "white" water came over the bow, and at times, heavy enough to go over the forward gun tubs. By this time, it was estimated that 80% to 85% of the troops were one shade of green or another, and needless to say, it was almost necessary to make a reservation to get a spot to lean over the rail. A good many were hoping the next one over the bow would take the "Snortin' Morton" right straight to the bottom!

However, with 100% of the passenger list managing to survive, we proudly (and weakly) steamed into Manila Bay on February 12th, running just South of



PULLING AWAY from East Wharf at Karachi, to begin the voyage to the States.

Saga of the "Snortin' Morton"



PASSING an English cruiser at anchor in harbor at Columbo, Ceylon, as the first stop.

Corregidor, and after getting almost all the way in, and the crew getting ready to drop anchor the Navy sent a signal to our proud (?) ship, which in effect told us to "Get the H--- out of here."

Making a slow, lazy 180° turn, course was set back out of Manila Bay, this time running between the tip of Bataan Peninsula and Corregidor Island, and North we sailed to the Naval Base in Subic Bay.

As though wonders will never cease, Subic Bay found just the generator we needed, although it was estimated that it would take more than a week to remove the old one and install the new. In lieu of this, and in the interest of saving time, it was decided to leave the old one down in the ship and the new was just hauled aboard and firmly bolted down to the open deck under the aft-guntubs.

This speeded-up job still took a bit more than two days, and by now, even the Navy was beginning to feel sorry for "us poor doggies," for we were taken ashore in Higgins Boats and other assorted landing craft, and told to bring 50c cash with us.

For this 50c, the Navy fed the troops and—good steak for 30c, and will wonders never cease, for the remaining 20c, all the beer we could drink was ours! To this day, it is not remembered by the writer how much beer was had, but the amount was "comfortable," and returning to the ship later that afternoon, all had a very warm and pleasant feeling toward the world in general, and for the moment, the Navy in particular.

By this time, we were more in need of water, which we did not get in Singapore, and now, also oil was needed. Could this be obtained here at Subic Bay? Of course not! So, February 15th finds the "Snortin' Morton" once again steaming into Manila Bay for the needed supplies.

It was announced by the bridge that the water barges would be alongside at a certain time, and that as soon as they had pumped us full of water, the oil barges would arrive, do their chore, and when completed we would immediately steam from Manila, taking the Short Great Circle Route to Seattle, Washington, which was now to be the final destination.

To explain what next occurred, we must digress for a moment to explain that of the approximately 3,300 troops enroute to Uncle Sugar, an estimated 600 or so were on the way home and out of the service, with sufficient points, while the balance of the troops were young 18 and 19 year-olds, with only seven to nine points total, and they, poor chaps, were sailing home on orders for reassignment!

The 600-odd coming home for discharge were not particularly concerned about how long this trip was turning into, for after all, we were still heading in the right direction, home. However, the better than 2,000 younger troops were really getting a bit annoyed and unruly, mak-



TROOPS ABOARD watch a native boat, just before entering the bay at Singapore.

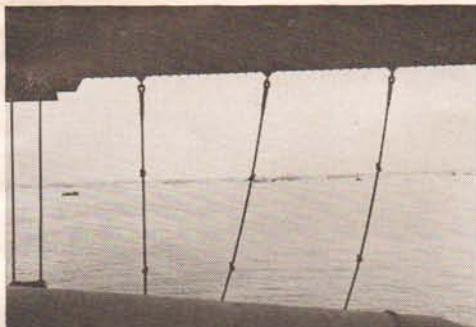


AFTER TAKING rough weather in the South China Sea, it is easy to note that at least one passenger still feels it.

Saga of the "Snortin' Morton"

ing all sorts of complaints and noise.

Now, to return to our story, the Navy water barges arrived on schedule, did their job in quick, efficient fashion, pulled away and returned to their docks.



GENERAL VIEW of Manila Bay. Close look at background will show a couple of Jap freighters, with just superstructure above water.



GOING ASHORE at Subic Bay via landing craft to partake of Navy's steak and beer offering.



HERE'S PROOF that the boys enjoyed the Navy's party at Subic Bay.

The oil barges were now due, but to this day, they have never arrived! By 1900 that evening a major portion of the younger troops started jamming the foredeck, looking up at the bridge, and began boozing and cat-calling the skipper, and nothing would seem to quiet them down. They just kept getting more and more out-of-hand.

At approximately 1930, it was announced that we would sail at 2000. This ended the "demonstration" on the foredeck, and at roughly 2000 the anchor was hauled up, and away we sailed, without our needed oil!

Whether we had enough to make Seattle is not known, however instead of following the planned Great Circle Route, the short way home, we now steamed a straight Easterly course across the Pacific Ocean, with our by-now-announced next stop being Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands to obtain our supply of oil, without which the writer doubts, we would have gotten very far!

February 23rd, in the afternoon, we found ourselves sailing through the reef of the Eniwetok Atoll, into the smooth calm of the lagoon.

The "Snortin' Morton's" tanks were topped off with oil; and 100 Navy personnel were taken aboard as additional passengers for home, and we sailed slowly into the sunrise of February 24th.

The International Date Line slid under our keel on the 26th of February, so we lived that day twice, as though the trip weren't long enough already! However, for most of us, it just meant getting back the day we had lost on the way to the CBI.

During this period, it was announced that once again the final destination of the "Snortin' Morton" had been changed! While breaths were being held all over the ship, (who knows, it wouldn't have surprised any of us to learn we were to return to India), we heard that we would now be going to San Francisco!

This bit of news was received by most everyone with a wild cheer, particularly when the ETA was announced as being March 6th! Now, after all these weeks afloat, we really had a date and destination to shoot for! Of course, while it all sounded so wonderful, there were many who just wouldn't believe it, and there were bets being offered that the dear old "Snortin' Morton" would sink, blow up, fall apart, or just vanish from the face of the ocean before March 6th, 1946. These bets being offered, while mostly in jest, could find no takers!

The night of March 5th and early hours of the 6th found very few troops in their bunks. Everyone wanted to have

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Saga of the "Snortin' Morton"

that first look at the shoreline that had been awaited so many months and years!

About 0500 on the morning of March 6th, we found ourselves slowly steaming through a dense fog, and it was announced we were only a short 30 miles off the world-famed Golden Gate!

A ship's pilot was picked up to guide the "Snortin' Morton" through the tricky tides and channel of the Golden Gate, and our passage continued through the heavy, grey, fog-bound morning.

By now it is approximately 0700, and the cool, grey dawn is beginning to break. Breakfast is overlooked by nearly all, and the entire deck is jammed with well over 3,000 men.

Suddenly, as though caused by the wave of a magic wand, a hole breaks in the fog dead ahead, and there standing about a mile in front of us, astride our path, in all its majestic splendor, is the world-famed San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge!

Complete bedlam was the order of the moment! There wasn't a man aboard not trying to make himself hoarse. To add a touch to the vocal chords of 3,000-odd throats, the skipper tied down the "Snortin' Morton's" whistle, and later it was discussed as to whether or not we might have been heard back in Karachi, or at least Calcutta!

As suddenly as the noise commenced, it stopped, and not a sound could be heard except the faint murmur of the ship's engines. A few short minutes later we passed under this awe-inspiring sight, and again at that one precise moment, all H--- broke loose once again, for now we were in San Francisco Bay!

This too, quieted as quickly as it started, and then as buddy looked at buddy, there were many embarrassed smiles, and sheepish ones as well, for among this 3,000-odd "tough" CBI hands, there were darned few who weren't trying to hide a little moisture in the eyes, and some trouble was being caused in swallowing by strange lumps in throats.

Yes, the "Snortin' Morton" had made it after all, and there were some who said that as she eased into the dock, cast her lines ashore, and cut her engines, she too, let out a little sigh.

And so ended this "Saga of the 'Snortin' Morton'"; the USS GENERAL CHARLES G. MORTON, all in all, a "good" ship, for she did bring us home.

* * *

For those interested in the specifications and background of the USS GENERAL CHARLES G. MORTON, she was a C4 cargo ship, built by the Kaiser Shipyards at Richmond, California, and



BREATH-TAKING view as the Golden Gate appears through the fog, just at dawn. "Home" was very, very close.



PULLING INTO the dock at San Francisco, with the Saga of the "Snortin' Morton" at an end.

was commissioned in July, 1944, and converted to troop-ship.

Her displacement was 15,615 tons; net tonnage was 9,063 tons; was 522' 10" long; 71' 8 1/4" in the beam. Standing amidship, on the main deck, you were 29' above the water. She drafted 23' 3", and had a cruising speed of 17 knots.

In her short 18 months afloat before the trip described in the story above, she had really been places and done things. Her logbook sounded like a capsule history of World War II, with names like San Francisco, San Pedro, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Russells, Hollandia, New Guinea, Manus, Saipan, Tinian, Manila, Noumea, Melbourne, Calcutta, Norfolk, Boston, New York, Marseilles, Port Said, Karachi, Espiritu, Santos, Leyte, and many more.

As of February 1, 1946, she had logged 142,152 nautical miles, and even overlooking the fact that a nautical mile is 240 yards more than a land mile, that is one heckuva lot of miles in roughly 18 months.

—THE END

This Is India in 1961

A picture of India today, as well as its prospects for the future, is being presented in a series of articles by Denver Post Staff Writer Lee Olson. This is the third of his reports.

By LEE OLSON
Denver Post Staff Writer

CALCUTTA, India.—Each day on the average there are 22,000 more people in India than there were the day before. That's roughly equivalent to a city the size of Fort Collins.

In a year India increases by 8 million. By 1986, it has been estimated, the present population of more than 400 million will double in size if the present rate of increase continues.

In the face of this population explosion India is following two courses: First, it is trying to make room for new people and, second, it is creating an effective program of birth control.

More and more, in a country whose economy has difficulty taking care of its present population, the birth control program is drawing greater official interest.

The central government, which last year budgeted \$5 million for birth control, provides matching funds to states in their programs. Throughout India there now are 1,800 family planning clinics which disseminate contraceptive information and materials.

Sterilization also is practiced where parents can show conditions of hardship.

In Kerala, a small south Indian state with the extremely heavy population density of 1,000 persons per square mile, 2,000 men have been sterilized in the last year.

Kerala pays a 25 rupees bonus (about \$5) to each man who submits to a vasectomy operation. This is a compensation for travel and for time lost from work, including a convalescence averaging three days.

Neighboring Madras state pays 30 rupees per vasectomy.

Even though Kerala is 40 pct. Catholic, officials said, there has been no significant protest against the program on religious grounds.

A visit to a planning center at the Calcutta Medical College in Calcutta showed 15 or 20 women in chairs waiting for instruction. A poster on the wall urged controlled families. Wooden models were



CHILDREN from hill tribes in South India attend a school sponsored by religious followers of Ghandi, through volunteer funds. They are learning, with the aid of slates, Malayalam, one of the main languages of S. India. Photo by the author.

available for demonstration of female anatomy.

Dr. Meera Sen, a young woman doctor, discussed her work in the program.

"The number of people is increasing," she said. "We hold clinics three days a week and have an average of 20 to 25 women a day. We may have to conduct the clinics daily if the demand continues to grow."

She said that women whose families earn less than 100 rupees per month (about \$20) are given diaphragms free of charge. A half rate is charged to those with 100 to 200 rupees incomes and the full rate of 3.15 rupees is charged for incomes over 200 rupees.

Dr. Sen said sterilization of women is much commoner—averaging about 30 per month—than vasectomies in men. But the operation must be approved by a board, and only after considerable study of the family situation.

Dr. Sen said women prefer their own sterilization on grounds vasectomies would cost their husbands lost time from their jobs. Another argument, she said, is: "If I die my husband can marry again."

Only Kerala and Madras pay the compensation for vasectomies.

Moyle Freyman, a Ford Foundation consultant in New Delhi, is working with the Indian government's Family Planning Board in connection with the educational and information aspects of the program.

"The program is very small, considering the population," Freyman said. "On the other hand birth control is spreading very rapidly in comparison with other countries."

The official program is getting started in a big way this year, he said. Supplies are being assembled and preparations made preparatory to real progress.

Freyman said Indian officials "no longer fear birth control as a political thing."

He said, however, that no immediate reversal of population trends is likely. The population increase is the result of a declining death rate, because of improved medicine and public health. As these improvements continue, they will cut the death rate still further, offsetting the gains made in birth rate control.

But the program is ambitious. The office of Col. B. L. Raina, director of family planning, believes that if 2,150,000 Indians were sterilized yearly for a decade the country's population would be "under control."

There is no optimum family size listed officially. Generally clinic workers feel that parents with three children may be considered for sterilization if economic hardship exists.

India, unlike Japan which has reduced its birth rate by nearly one-half since World War II, does not condone abortion. Nevertheless, such operations take place. Some clinics report an average of one woman a day reporting in for complications from abortions.

There is debate about effects of sterilization. Some doctors have claimed that men, particularly, become neurotic after a vasectomy. Others argue that if there is neurosis it probably was present before the operation.

India has a long tradition for controlled childbirth, although not necessarily for the same reasons. The Ramayana, a Sanskrit epic, suggests abstention as a way of increasing man's philosophical powers. In some villages it is disgraceful for parents to have children after their eldest child reaches marriageable age, about 14. And, of course, pregnancy before marriage may lead to abortion, as it does elsewhere.

In addition to abstention, there are, in villages, as many as 100 herbs claimed to have contraceptive effects. This doubtless

is largely folklore, although some of the plants are being used in experiments seeking a cheap, effective birth control pill.

The government, with an eight-fold increase in its budget for the next five years, is firmly launched on planned parenthood. And the program probably will be well accepted.

Some still argue that it is the upper class Indian who will reduce his family size and that this isn't good for India. However, this is happening now, on an independent basis. Few government officials in New Delhi, for example, have large families.

One observer said:

"I can see only one real tragedy in all this. That is in the case of sterilization when, subsequently, the parents lose their children through death."

In India that still happens fairly often.

(Next: Rural India.)

ROUNDUP
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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

San Francisco Is 1961 Reunion City

California, Here We Come!

Fabulous San Francisco, often called "the most fascinating city in America," will be the location of the 14th annual reunion of China-Burma-India veterans and their families.

Dates for the event are August 9-12, 1961, and the Sheraton Palace will be the reunion hotel.

Hosts for the reunion will be members of the Gen. George W. Sliney Basha, China-Burma-India Veterans Association, residents of the San Francisco Bay Area. They have been working for more than a year to prepare for this event.

Tentative plans call for a full program of entertainment starting shortly after noon Wednesday, August 9, and running through Saturday night, August 12.

First on the schedule, according to Reunion Chairman Ray Kirkpatrick, will be CBI Day at Candlestick Park starting at 12:30 p.m. Wednesday. An early-bird matinee has been arranged through courtesy of the San Francisco Giants and Garry Schmacher, public relations director. There will be a special CBI presentation at home plate starting at 12:45. This will be a tribute honoring the original CBI Roundup as well as the present Ex-CBI Roundup. All former Roundup staff members are requested to contact Chairman Kirkpatrick at 293 Pope Street, San Francisco 12, Calif.

Game time for the Chicago Cubs vs. Giants will be 1 p.m. Reserve seats are \$2.50 each. Express bus service starts near the reunion hotel, with 30-cent fare each way. This will be a "dutch treat" on-your-own event, as it cannot be worked into the registration fee.

In order to make reservation for tickets, all those interested in attending the presentation and game at Candlestick Park are urged to contact Gerry Moore, basha adjutant, at 1235 Diamond Street, San Francisco, to let him know how many tickets will be needed.

First event at the reunion hotel will be a reception and cocktail party at 8 p.m. Wednesday. This will be in the Concert Room at the Sheraton Palace. One of the features will be a newly-completed 25-minute motion picture, "The Burma Surgeon Today," narrated personally by Dr. Gordon Seagrave and taken recently at his hospital at Namkham, Burma.

First business session is planned for 9:30 a.m. Thursday.

Evening "headliners" will include a Chinese dinner party at the "Four Seas" in Chinatown Thursday night, with



GEE SHEU WAI, Keeper of the Lions, blesses Sze Tau, the magnificent lion imported from Hong Kong for the annual celebration sponsored by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at San Francisco, as tiny Donna Wong looks on. Ceremonies take place in Kong Chow Temple, oldest in America.

Chinese entertainment or a night tour of Chinatown; Puja Night party and dance at the Palace Gold Room Friday night, with music by a nine-piece band; and the annual Commanders' Dinner in the world-famous Garden Court Saturday night, followed by dancing to music by a 12-piece band.

As usual, there will be entertainment in hospitality rooms.

Both organized and "on-your-own" tours will also entertain CBI visitors. Among the many places of interest are Chinatown, the largest Chinese settlement outside the Orient; picturesque Fisherman's Wharf; San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, the world's longest; Golden Gate Bridge; Mission Dolores, founded in 1776 by Spanish missionaries; Twin Peaks; cable cars running up Nob Hill; Golden Gate Park and its famous Steinhart Aquarium; the world-renowned Cliff House, overlooking Seal Rocks and the Pacific; Presidio Military Reservation; Alcatraz Island; the Golden Gate from Land's End; a panoramic view of the city from Telegraph Hill; San Francisco Bay dotted with fishing boats, naval vessels and great ocean-going liners.

The ladies will be interested to know that the reunion hotel is within walking distance of most of the city's outstanding stores and shops. This includes the famous Jade Collection at Gump's.

WELCOME

China-Burma-India Veterans



Sheraton Palace

San Francisco's Finest Convention Hotel

- Home of the World Famous Garden Court
- Free Television in All Rooms
- Free Radio in All Rooms
- Family Plan—Children Under 14 Free

Dancing Nightly . . . Tudor Room

Harley J. Watson, General Manager

A CLOSE NEW LOOK AT NEHRU'S INDIA

(Reprinted from "U. S. News & World Report," published at Washington)

NEW DELHI, India
April 24, 1961

An American returning here after an absence of 14 years finds "the new India" engaged in a desperate race for survival.

This country has come a long way since British rule ended in 1947. You see eye openers everywhere—industrial subdivisions, air-conditioned office buildings, shop windows loaded with all kinds of consumer goods.

All these things, and many more, were not even on the horizon 14 years ago. India is changing, and at a pace no one foresaw at that time.

Yet India's drive to modernize, backed by more than a billion dollars in U. S. aid, with John F. Kennedy's promise of more to come, has not rescued the country from the haunting fear that internal stresses will someday blow it apart.

India still wallows in poverty, illiteracy, disease. It is confronted by a terrifying increase in population. It struggles with regional strife, with huge and unsolved economic problems.

How far has it come as a free nation? Can it survive in years to come?

India is so big, so complex, so encrusted with history and religion that no one answer would be completely true. What

is true of its big cities is less so of its towns—and far from true of the 500,000 villages where most of the 438 millions live.

This much, however, seems clear after traveling the length and breadth of India:

The majority of Indians, today, are better-fed, better-clothed than before. Nowhere do you see the big patches of starvation so visible in 1946. Top officials freely credit most of this change to U. S. food grains, pouring into India at a rate that effectively checks famines like those of the past.

Gone to wheels. Fourteen years ago India had relatively few bicycles, and far fewer automobiles. Now automobiles and streams of bicycles, two and three abreast, swirl through city streets, engulfing the horse-drawn tonga and the ricksha.

Even more important: Every village you see has at least one bicycle, sometimes several. The Indian villager, now, is on wheels—and this may generate the real revolution to come in a country where it was commonly said that most peasants lived a lifetime without venturing more than a few miles from their birthplaces.

It is true you can travel for miles and miles and not see a bus, a truck or an automobile. You can drive for hundreds of miles and not see a tractor.

Off the beaten tracks there are lots of villages that look as they did centuries before Christ—clusters of thatched mud huts, seemingly lifeless under the hot Indian sun except for a bullock or two wandering aimlessly over the brown landscape in search of food.

Still, you get a sense of quickening in India's slow, pulsing rhythm.

Far into the Punjab plains, over one 10-minute stretch of road, you count a half dozen buses. They ramble along recklessly, loaded to overflowing with men, women, babies, cardboard boxes and suitcases. All are bound for distant Delhi or way points.

No more than a fraction of India's villages have gotten the clinics, farm advisers and electricity promised them. But you hear stirrings of ambitions. One South Indian village of "untouchables" has classes for 90 youngsters, reciting lessons in the open air. A father who is illiterate remarks: "My children will be able to read and make money." In a

More than a billion U. S. dollars have been poured into India since independence in 1947.

Much more is to follow. The vast, teeming subcontinent has a top priority in aid plans of the Kennedy Administration.

What have all the money, time and effort accomplished? Where is India headed?

George Jones of the staff of "U. S. News & World Report" lived in India at the time it was passing from British rule into freedom and self-government.

Jones has just revisited the country. In this dispatch you sense the life-and-death struggle in a "new India" emerging from the old.

neighboring village of caste Hindus, youngsters have formed a "Young Farmers' Club," and about 30 per cent of the adults read and write. Down the road there is an open-air movie screen—a bullock-cart version of the drive-in theater.

Rise of middle class. Changes are even more startling further up the economic ladder.

Something you would not have seen in 1947: low-cost organized tours of Indian sightseers roaming over India. At an old palace in Mysore, for instance, you come across 20 or 30 people climbing out of a bus to listen to a guide's spiel. Bengali-speaking, they come from hundreds of miles away. These Indians are not poor illiterates, by any means. But neither are they rich and sophisticated. They talk, dress and behave like middle-class " provincials."

India's middle class still is not large, but it is growing fast. Wage earners throng shops to look at—and often buy—quality cloth, appliances, books, all kinds of things. India's "small" industrialists now employ 3 million workers in shabby little factories, and the number going into business is expected to double in the next few years.

It is when you get to the top layer—the few million Indians who rule the destiny of 438 million people—that you find the image of "the new India" projected most dramatically.

These people are buying air conditioners, expensive radio sets, automobiles—even if they have to wait a year—and new houses or co-operative apartments. Despite alcohol prohibition in many places, lots of them go to cocktail parties and enjoy it. They listen for stock-market tips, hope to send their children to college in Britain or America, and complain because India still doesn't have television.

In 1947 these people would have had hordes of servants. Now caste Hindus, friends of mine, confide that they employ an "untouchable" as all-around houseworker to bypass the rising cost of servants. A few years ago, this would have sent a ripple of shock through even westernized Indians. Today more and more sophisticated Indians violate the caste barrier this way. They don't talk about it to each other. "It's just done, that's all," my friends say.

The phone revolution. Another example of change: Go into almost any office of an important Indian and you find two or three telephones on his desk. No longer does he summon a messenger, squatting outside his door, to carry a "chit" to a nearby office. Instead, he telephones—

and this, as anyone with experience in "the old India" can tell you, is a massive revolution likely to double efficiency in India's offices.

You get the feeling that westernization isn't the heart-burning issue it once was for Indians, back in the days when Mohandas K. Gandhi, the Mahatma or "Great Soul," was stirring agitation against factories, big cities, telegraphs, almost anything modern or foreign.

There was lots of talk then that India was going to throw out the British—lock, stock and barrel. But the old statues of Queen Victoria and British viceroys still decorate the landscape. There are more British businessmen here than ever before. They seem comfortably at home.

Bigger: U. S. imprint. More startling to an American is the growing U. S. imprint on "the new India."

Before independence, there were only a few Americans here—consular officials, businessmen, correspondents. Now Americans are everywhere, as diplomats, technicians, scholars, investors.

At Bhakra-Nangal, in the Punjab, American engineers are building a concrete gravity dam that will irrigate about 3.6 million acres. Visit an experimental farm in the steamy backlands of West Bengal, and you find a U. S. agricultural technician. At a hostel in the barren hills of Western India, an elderly American comes up to introduce himself: "Worked in Detroit for 30 years." He is now an adviser to an Indian auto manufacturer in Calcutta.

And American tourists are discovering India—in droves. You see them everywhere. They have become India's biggest source of tourist revenue.

Just as striking is the large number of Indians traveling abroad. Indians now are seeing something of the world. They're getting a new slant on things.

You meet dozens of them who have been to America for the first time. Almost uniformly they are wide eyed at the discovery that lots of Americans lead moral lives, raise families, go to church, speak grammatically, read books and listen to classical music. The old idea, so popular here in 1947, that Europeans and, even more so, Americans, are shallow and materialistic is rapidly fading.

Where humility grows. Once you heard endlessly about India's "spiritual values" which were going to save the world, as soon as India achieved freedom. Gandhi was held up as the symbol of India's basic goodness. If you mentioned India's caste barriers, or its squalor, the most sophisticated Indian was likely to retort that those things were "the fault of the

West." Somehow the West got blamed for everything wrong in India.

You still find a little of that, especially among die-hard nationalists, and a few intellectuals. But it is drowned out in a barrage of Indian self-criticism. Constantly, Indians mock their own conceit, poverty, superstitions and other shortcomings. Read this comment of a newspaper columnist on the Republic Day parade celebrating India's national anniversary:

"For at least an hour or two we forget the supine lethargy, the blundering incompetence and the unabashed dishonesty of our people, as we watch the glorious cavalcade file past millions of spectators."

On balance, you find the nervous arrogance of 1947 being replaced by a more reasonable pride in India's solid achievements—and just a little bit more humility after 14 years of dealing with the hard facts of national survival.

Indians are pained to learn that you can't avoid trouble just by not wanting it. The border quarrel with Red China was a rude awakening from the idea of "neutrality" and "coexistence." You now sense a deep and abiding anger against the Chinese. And lurking in the background is the uneasy fear that India someday may have to face the spectacle of Chinese hordes pouring down the Himalayas. "If that happens," says one well-informed Indian friend sadly, "only America or Britain can save us."

Less advice, more action. In 1947, Indians boasted far and wide about the neutralist policy of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. They gave it such names as "dynamic noninvolvement" or "positive neutrality," looked down their noses at the idea of taking any sides or making any commitment.

Not so today. Most of my Indian friends were delighted when Nehru decided to send 5,000 soldiers to the Congo under United Nations command. It was a new experience, and some seemed worried. One asked: "Won't we be blamed if something goes wrong?" But the mere fact of making a decision and a commitment, after years of giving free advice, seemed to give them satisfaction.

At this point it is difficult to decide whether India is the most advanced "backward" country in the world—or the most backward "advanced" country. There is evidence either way:

• A New Delhi newspaper recently described at length Indian experiments in using atomic energy for medical research. It all sounded very impressive. On the same page was a brief story disclosing that New Delhi had just recorded

its 88th smallpox death in five weeks. Name of the victim was not given—death, in India, still is little more than a statistic.

• Calcutta, possibly the world's filthiest and most explosive city, banished its immense hordes of wandering, homeless cows into the countryside before Queen Elizabeth's visit. For a week or so, the city was never so clean and orderly. Then, in two and threes, the cows began drifting back into the city. Today, as before, the much-worshiped cow wanders freely through downtown streets, grazing on garbage in front of banks, hotels and office buildings.

• In Bombay, a taxi driver pointed to a new office building going up along the shoreline drive. "All air-conditioned," he said. After a moment, he added impressively: "A telephone in every office, too."

• In a multimillion-dollar Hindu temple in New Delhi, you find a children's playground where families bring their youngsters for a Sunday romp—with little regard for paint-daubed pilgrims who chant ancient scriptures in passing through their midst.

A feat of survival. To an American coming back after 14 years, the most impressive single fact of India in 1961 is that it has survived at all.

There are sharp memories here of the fear and terror that hung over people in 1947, when Britain divided a subcontinent into the free nations of India and Pakistan. Indians still recount how mobs of religious fanatics ranged over the countryside to kill, burn and loot as riots broke out among Hindus, Moslems and Sikhs. In those weeks, whole communities were butchered and 12 million people became refugees. India, at its moment of birth, was almost a suicide.

Yet "the new India" is a functioning nation. There has been no revolution, no seizure of power by a minority. Parliament is elected every five years, the Government collects taxes and spends the people's money. True, there are widespread complaints that much of it is spent unwisely or corruptly—but roads are being built, and so are schools, clinics, dams and steel mills.

Even today, India's national income is a modest 30 billion dollars a year. Nonetheless it has pushed through two Five-Year Plans costing a total of about 20 billion since 1951, financed largely out of Indian pockets. Its third Five-Year Plan, now getting under way, is to spend another 20 billion by 1966.

There has been much borrowing from abroad, and India's foreign exchange rests on the razor's edge of exhaustion,

month by month. Yet the Government's deficit financing internally is remarkably low by standards anywhere else in the "underdeveloped" world—Brazil, for instance, or Castro's Cuba. Inflation has been held firmly under control.

Statistician's dream. Indians love statistics, and can produce any number of them to support this picture of solid progress.

Six years ago India was manufacturing 150,000 bicycles a year. Now it is producing more than a million a year, and exporting some. Industrial production in the current fiscal year is running 14 per cent above that of last year. This year also has brought a record crop in food grains. National income, measured by constant prices, has increased by about 42 per cent. Output of finished steel has gone up two and one half times since 1950.

Pick up a newspaper, and you see an advertisement for 34 new products "made in India." India, in its drive to become economically self-supporting, now is producing most or all of its own steel, cement, pharmaceuticals, to name a few items.

Such things amount almost to a miracle of nationhood in the disorderly world of recent years. You sense a growing confidence among Government leaders that this country can achieve, in a peaceful way, a social and economic revolution outstripping Red China's brutal overhaul.

Yet a Westerner is likely to come away with the depressing thought that India, in trying to solve its urgent problems, almost is in the position of a man trying to bail out a leaky boat with a thimble.

Troubles grow too. Indians, this year, are chilled to learn from their census that the population is rising much faster than they had anticipated. Despite the beginnings of a birth-control campaign, with more than 50,000 sterilizations last year, the population has grown by about 70 million in 10 years.

Employment is rising as India's industrial plant expands—but so is unemployment. There are now an estimated 20 million unemployed—in addition to 40 million who work less than half a day.

Per capita income has gone up about 20 per cent since India achieved independence. Still, it amounts to an average of only about \$61 a year, and 75 million landless laborers average not much more than \$21.

Despite this, production costs and prices of goods often run from 20 to 50 per cent higher than in other countries. One reason is that, with a consumer market growing at home, there is a temp-

tation to charge "all the traffic will bear." Another reason: Indian labor is cheap and abundant, but untrained and inefficient by Western standards. It makes for high labor costs.

India's Government, under Prime Minister Nehru, is dedicated to building a socialist economy. Under Five-Year Plans, it assigns large chunks of the economy, especially heavy industries, to Government ownership. It rigidly controls the private sector through licenses, permits and import controls.

Yet the rich, in India, are getting richer. Some, almost billionaires by dollar standards, have doubled and tripled their fortunes, and control hundreds of companies. This, you hear it said, has been made possible by Government restrictions which have "frozen out" competitors.

Mysticism's hold. Centuries-old beliefs lie across this country like a suffocating blanket. Eighty per cent of India's people are Hindu, and this ancient religion maintains an almost unimaginable hold on the way they think and act—even in "the new India."

A highly westernized banker talks to you about karma, the Hindu belief which fatalistically accepts man's destiny through one incarnation after another. Government ministers praise the virtues of mystic contemplation, the concentrated "emptying" of the mind to escape from the "unreality" of this world, so as to be absorbed into the All-Being. There are plenty of well-traveled, sophisticated Indians who will echo the Hindu concept that truth changes from one person to the next, from one situation to another.

What you find, in the midst of India's new factories and dams and schools, is the old sense of mysticism, of vagueness, of fatalism. It may explain why many Indians do not seem greatly concerned by the sight of beggar hordes in India's cities.

It may also explain why Mr. Nehru can confuse the West by applying one standard to America, another to Russia—and why he often seems not to say what he means, or mean what he says. Mr. Nehru, since youth, has called himself an agnostic. But his family roots are buried deep in the religious traditions of the Hindu aristocracy.

The large majority of Hindus, outside the westernized few, still maintain caste barriers among the four major castes and 3,000 subcastes—and "keep in their place" India's 60 million "untouchables" who have no caste whatsoever.

India has laws on the books assuring "untouchables" of equal rights. The caste-

less Hindu is allocated a proportion of jobs in Government and state-run industries. But there are still many villages where caste Hindus will not permit an "untouchable" to approach them and where attempts to open village wells or other facilities to "untouchables" set off riots.

Religion is still very much a dividing force. Despite the exodus of Moslems in 1947, India still has about 40 million of them, making this the third-largest Moslem nation in the world. Between the Moslems on one hand, and the allied Hindus and Sikhs on the other, the truce is at best uneasy.

Riots and castes. Only a few weeks ago, about two dozen Moslems were slaughtered in the Central Indian town of Jubbulpore, where riots broke out after an alleged assault on a Hindu girl. School children joined in the rioting. In one incident a crowd of hooligans locked a half dozen people in a house and burned them alive.

Even today, as in the past, India is divided not only by religion but by 14 major languages and dozens of dialects. It is divided by regions that speak differently, have their own caste structures, their own histories of ancient kingdoms.

An American finds this difficult to comprehend. Just imagine the feeling that exists, in America, between the North and the South. Imagine that North, South, Midwest, Northwest, California and Texas all spoke different languages. Then add, in each of these areas, religious riots between Catholics and Protestants from time to time. And, in each, imagine a class of "untouchables" to whom the rights that American Negroes now enjoy would be paradise.

Imagine all that in America, and you begin to get some idea of the cracks that endanger the unity of India.

It adds up to an explosive problem, one that most Indians confess is far from being solved. Today, politics in some States is becoming regional politics, based on language, local castes, or a simple feeling of neglect by the central Government. Mr. Nehru's handling of this problem prompts some Indians to call him India's liability, as well as India's blessing.

India's "George Washington." It is widely conceded that the Prime Minister's unrivaled hold on India's masses has kept the country together. Indians compare him with George Washington in his role of providing a new nation with a symbol and a balance point.

An American coming back here remembers his first meeting with Mr. Nehru in 1946. It was in a dusty, third-class rail-

way car out in the provinces, and almost midnight. Seemingly inexhaustible, Mr. Nehru stayed up most of the night, talking about India's independence movement and this country's future. Early the next morning he was out on a tour of villages at a whirlwind pace that left his companions exhausted.

Today, at 71, he seems just as tireless. Day and night he is on the run, handling a multitude of details, scolding, wheedling and exhorting his countrymen. He seems almost fanatically determined to remake India before he passes out of the picture.

Yet feeling grows that he has temporized dangerously on India's political divisions. Years ago he gave way to demands for forming the linguistic State of Andhra. Last year he consented to the division of Bombay State into two States, each with its own language.

More recently, Mr. Nehru has been plagued by rioting in Assam between the Assamese majority and the Bengali minority—and he is trying to quell the demand of warlike Sikhs in the Punjab for a State of their own.

The Prime Minister is being criticized on other counts. A large segment of India's leaders outside Government feel that he has been badly fooled by the Communist bloc, by Red China in particular. Dislike for his close associate and Defense Minister, V. K. Krishna Menon, runs almost as high in India as it does in the West.

Mr. Nehru also is criticized as the architect of India's socialist economy. His opposition delights in pointing to instances of bungling, such as a current crisis in transport which found coal piling up at the mines for want of rail cars—and India's proud new steel mills running short of coal.

More education, more cynics. You get the impression, now, of a growing gulf between the Prime Minister and the educated class.

Younger Indians, especially, are impatient. College enrollment has doubled in the past decade, but India still is producing too few engineers and technicians and too many B.A. graduates—youngsters pouring out of college by the tens of thousands every year only to wind up as clerks, or unemployed.

Talk to students in the coffee shops of New Delhi or Calcutta, and you hear cynicism in large doses. Asks one youngster: "Why should I do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for me?"

Out of this cynicism is coming India's version of "cool cats." Some students join the Communist Party, but others sneer at

politics altogether. Professors, earning \$50 to \$60 a month in many cases, are derided as incompetents. In New Delhi, people were shocked recently to learn that boys from "good families" were terrorizing shopkeepers with robberies and senseless assaults.

The excitement and fervor of the revolutionary struggle have gone. You no longer hear the cry of "Jai Hind!"—"Long Live India"—or anything like it. If the younger generation of Indians seems cynical about slogans, the middle-aged generation of wage earners and professional people seems bored.

Dwindling patriotism. Mr. Nehru himself complained recently that "the spirit of adventure has faded away" from India, that people here now seemed to think less of country and more of themselves. Some Indian friends of mine retort that Mr. Nehru and many of the other oldsters in Government are losing touch with the mood of growing numbers of literate Indians. And one person adds: "It's hard to give three cheers when a new blast furnace goes into operation."

Mr. Nehru and his Congress Party, judging from election results, still maintain a strong hold on villagers' loyalty. In cities, however, you hear many Indians complain that the Congress Party, once acclaimed as "freedom fighters," now is filling up with opportunists. One old-timer says sadly: "Our badge of honor was a term in jail. Theirs is a ministerial post." As one example, the Congress Party in Mysore recently solved an intra-party squabble by the simple expedient of naming four disgruntled party members to newly created ministries. As a result, all got free cars, free housing, free opportunity to throw their weight around.

It is true that the Congress Party has opposition. Biggest of its opponents is the Communist Party. Communists, however, hold only 27 seats in the Lok Sabha, or "House of the People," to 367 for the Congress Party. Even fewer seats are held by the moderate Socialists and the right-wing Jan Sangh. Except for a brief period of rule by the Communist-run "Popular Front" government in Kerala, the Congress Party hold on central and state governments has never been challenged.

After Nehru—what? This situation, it is held, will change when Mr. Nehru passes out of the picture. Predictions are that the Congress Party then will lose the blessing of his great hold on the masses—and the party, then, will fall apart in a dogfight between Mr. Nehru's lieutenants, or perhaps split in a more orderly way into rightist and leftist parties.

Almost obsessively, Indians ask themselves: "Who rules when Nehru goes?" Many feel that, in place of his magical hold on people, India will get a leader more in line with traditions of the past—a "strong" man, not necessarily a dictator, but politically tough and conservative.

India's Communist Party, as in the past, is troubled by divisions and uncertainty in trying to overcome the barriers of Indian religion and mysticism. In the past two years, it has also had to overcome the barrier of popular resentment against Red China.

Even so, Communists maintain a strong grip on some of India's most important labor unions. In Calcutta they can summon mass demonstrations of 50,000 people or more with in a few hours. Their strength in Kerala still runs high. The Marxist message gets its sharpest response from India's growing numbers of "unemployed intellectuals" and white-collar workers. A Government official says candidly: "Our best young brains are going into the Communist Party."

All across India, the Communists are admitted to be the nation's hardest-working, most dedicated political party. Mr. Nehru's friendliness toward the Soviet Union helps them along—and anti-Communists were disturbed recently when a public-opinion poll in India's main cities showed that of all foreign countries, Britain was the best liked, with Russia a close second. No thoughtful Indian, for one minute, rules out the Communists as a threat in this country's unsettled future.

Another and perhaps bigger worry is the possibility of disorder and chaos when India loses the stabilizing influence of Mr. Nehru.

"Probably a blood bath." India, before British rule, was a collection of big and small rulers, warring among themselves. Now more than a few Indians are wondering if its unity will fall apart under the weight of human misery and internal differences. It is just a little bit chilling to hear the light comment of one Indian Government official: "Oh, we'll probably have a blood bath here someday. We should have had one before now to get things settled right." India's nightmare is America's Civil War, multiplied in fury by language, region and religion.

Hopefully, many Indians point to unifying forces. They mention the growing network of communications—roads, radio, telephones. They mention the growing authority of the central Government, especially in allocating money for economic development. They mention the

growing pride of most Indians in this country's progress and importance.

Yet even the optimists see India as running a race against time. People, in droves, are moving off unproductive land into the cities, to find jobs or to beg. New Delhi's population has tripled in the last 10 years. Cities now have so many "pavement dwellers"—whole families who sleep on sidewalks at night—that census takers this year worked special shifts to count them. All in all, you sense an anxious mood developing.

On aid: no choice for U. S.? As responsible Americans here see it, the U. S. now has no option but to throw the full weight of economic aid into the balance. They point to India's so'd progress—and

to the danger that, without help from abroad, this country's 438 millions may join hands with Red China's 600 millions to form a Communist bloc from Manchuria to the Indian Ocean.

Yet these officials feel that economic development, alone, will not enable India to survive. They see too many other problems, and warn that national survival is not yet an exact science. One American, deeply concerned with India's future, says: "You've got to have faith that things will work out. But all the way you've got failure looking over your shoulder."

—THE END

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CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman

CALCUTTA—The Union Government is believed to have changed its attitude towards the need for rural electrification. It seems to feel that the needs of industry should be given top priority and if villages have to wait for electrification schemes to be implemented, it cannot be helped.

KATHMANDU—General Thimayya, Chief of the Indian Army Staff, told a rally of ex-Ghurka servicemen at Pokhra the Government of India had decided to increase the pensions of Ghurka ex-soldiers in the Indian Army. There are about 45,000 Gurkhas drawing pension for their service.

NEW DELHI—The Chinese have built strategic new roads leading to the borders of India, Burma and Vietnam, and have improved some of the ancient caravan routes linking central Siberia by road with Tibet. Dr. Raghu Vira, M.P., said at a press conference. In an emergency, he added, the Chinese could transport heavy military equipment from central Siberia to Lhasa.

DACCA—A national museum for Pakistan is to be established at Dacca with Central and Provincial Government assistance, using as a nucleus the present ill-equipped Dacca Museum housed in a recently-remodeled ancient building near the railway station.

NEW DELHI—India's first products pipeline to transport refined petroleum products is likely to be laid in Assam. The Union Government is now considering a proposal to connect the public sector oil refinery at Gauhati with the broad-gauge railhead of Siliguri across the Brahmaputra with a products pipeline.

DELHI—Two poets fought each other in defense of their views on what constituted poetry on a recent Saturday night at the Indo-Pakistan mushaira here. To the more prosaic police it constituted a breach of the law, and the two found themselves in jail on a charge of causing an affray in a public place.

KARACHI—The Central Government has prohibited the entry into Pakistan by land, sea or air of any copy of the book, "The Arabs in History," written by Prof. Bernard Lewis and printed in Great Britain. Any other book, paper or document containing copies, reprints or translation of extracts from the book has also been banned.

KARACHI—The National Board of Family Planning has recommended to the Government the payment of a bonus of Rs 25 to those who will undergo sterilization operations in the interest of family planning.

NEW DELHI—A new broad-gauge railway line from Khejuriagh to Malda, which will greatly facilitate traffic between Calcutta and North Bengal, was formally opened recently. The line forms part of the Farakka Barrage project and will ultimately provide a direct route between Calcutta and Siliguri. When the line is extended to Siliguri, the route to Darjeeling will be even shorter than the one in use before Bengal's partition.

Now They Haul Freight

By LAURIE FISH
Seattle Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK, March 24.—As part of the Flying Tiger Lines' air cargo ("live animal biped") being shipped across the continent, I was traveling too fast to explain, until now, the name of the all-freight air line.

Flying Tiger has an aura of romance dating back to the war years of 1941-42, when a handful of volunteer American airmen flew their Curtiss-Wright P-40's to protect the Burma Road from the Japanese.

Organized under the leadership of Gen. Claire Chennault, the capsule air force consisted of some 300 men, officially known as the American Volunteer Group.

The famous name "Flying Tigers" was hung on them by grateful Chinese after the Americans' first victorious encounter with the enemy.

In a surprise attack, the Americans virtually wiped out ten Japanese bombers bound for Kunming. The Chinese, who had been engaged in a hopeless four-and-one-half year struggle against the invaders, spread the news.

The tiger had replaced the dragon as a symbol of the Chinese Republic after the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911, and the Chinese dubbed their American compatriots "Fei Weing"—Flying Tigers.

The actual "trade-mark" was shark's teeth. Although the Flying Tigers made this insignia famous, the design originated with the British, who had decorated their Royal Air Force Tomahawks in Libya with shark's teeth.

The Americans added an ominous red tongue and a leering eye. Japanese pilots, who held the shark as a symbol of evil, lived in terror of their slashing attacks.

THE 300 MEN of the A. V. G. blasted Japanese bombers from the northern end of the Burma Road and almost single-handedly kept them out of Rangoon for several months while tons of war material was rushed to China.

Among the Americans was a rangy young Texan, Bob W. Prescott, a former Navy flight instructor. After the Flying Tigers were disbanded in 1942, Prescott returned to the United States to fly overseas for an American air line.

Then he went back to China to fly the "Hump" in the first working air-freight system in the history of aviation.

While moving tons of equipment and supplies from India to keep China alive

in the war, Prescott became convinced that there must be some way to put his experience and knowledge to work.

At the end of the war, he met Samuel B. Mosher, head of the Signal Oil & Gas Co., a man whose own rugged pioneering in oil development gave him an understanding ear.

Out of their meeting was born the Flying Tiger Line in June, 1945. It was the nation's first all-freight and contract air line. Mosher became board chairman and Prescott was president, positions they occupy today.

To raise money to acquire equipment, Prescott got in touch with his old flying buddies. Among them they put up \$89,000, which Mosher and a group of Los Angeles businessmen matched.

PREScott BOUGHT an old Budd Conestoga, and he and his wife headed for Long Beach, Calif., to plug the idea of air freight to wary shippers.

At last a produce shipper asked cautiously if Prescott could fly two plane-loads of fresh grapes to Atlanta.

Prescott fanned through a stack of official-looking papers on his desk. "According to our flight charts, we have only one plane available tomorrow," he announced, "but we can schedule it for your shipment."

The shipper gave the go-ahead, and the one plane—the one and only plane the Tigers owned at that moment—made the air line's first flight from California to Georgia.

Seven of the original Flying Tigers from China joined the company, and four still are flying. Meanwhile, the equipment has grown to a fleet of modern planes.

"It is an exciting business," Walt Bowman, sales manager for the New York area said. "Sometimes I've had to work 24 hours a day, but in 12 years with the Tigers I've never been bored."

"And this is just the beginning. Manufacturers are discovering that a lot of costly warehousing and handling can be eliminated by air freight."

Prescott has stated that the present fleet capacity of 160,000,000 ton-miles yearly will be raised to about 600,000,000 ton-miles with the new swing-tail CL-44's.

The line expects a proportionate increase to go through the \$1,000,000-plus Flying Tiger terminal to be built at the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

—THE END

The Poor Are Always There

By LUCIA LEWIS
(Chicago Daily News Service)

BOMBAY—Old Asia hands keep telling me that Bombay is not the real India, that this is just a westernized commercial city.

Many of its streets do look like a transplant from Victorian England while some recent buildings are modern as Mies Van Der Roe.

Yet, the spacious western boulevards and parks, the heavy motor traffic, the smart clubs and shops, can't make you forget that this is still the city named after Bumbah-Ai, a Hindu goddess.

Where else, in a bay as scenic as Rio's or Hong Kong's would you see modern freighters and oil tankers surrounded by fleets of dhows—the fishing boats with old slanting sails like those used 1,000 years ago?

Where else, along the Marine Drive on the Arabian Sea (lined with buildings that give the impression of a slightly run down Cannes or Miami Beach) would you see horses, goats, bullocks rooting in the sand among the people relaxing on the public beach?

(You won't see any sacred cows on the city streets, however. Bombay has moved them all to a spic-and-span modern dairy to produce milk and cheese.)

Where else would you learn to stroll quite nonchalantly past sidewalk baskets out of which a cobra rears his sinuous head? I have the common aversion to snakes but, after all, one can't cringe all day.

You soon become accustomed to the snake charmers, the street vendors who besiege you with souvenirs, the men with trained monkeys, the squadron you must be through in front of your hotel—each man bearing a kit of scalpels as he pleads "Fix your corns, memsahib, make feet happy!"

You learn to yank out of their clutches, you develop a technique like a football player twisting towards a touchdown though outnumbered by star tackles. That's all sort of fun.

But does anyone ever develop immunity to the children and the heart-breaking poverty?

Tots no taller than a 2-year-old at home, scamper around the streets until midnight, their pipe-stem arms outstretched, looking up at you with enormous eyes shadowed by kohl makeup, which is believed to prevent eye disease.

Everywhere you hear the soft, high-pitched wail of "Bakshi, memsahib, bakshi." That is the song of India that must haunt any westerner as long as these conditions exist.

Here again, the old hands tell us: "Don't give them anything, they'll swarm over you, you'll spoil them".

But can you spoil a hungry child with a few coins? Give to one and a half-dozen or more may cluster around you, shy but scrabbling for the coins in your hand like little pecking chickens.

There was the tiny girl whose equally tiny voice couldn't be heard above the roar of traffic as our bus waited to pull away from the hotel. I didn't notice her until a rosebud landed in my lap.

Then I saw her, way down, about as high as the hub cap of our bus wheel, holding a little bouquet of flowers from which she pitched buds up to us with the skill of a miniature Warren Spahn.

Where these little slum girls get these bouquets or the little garlands of tuberosses they drape around our wrists on the streets I don't know. But who could withhold a reward for such fragrant offerings?

These flowers or, better yet, a bottle of cologne are handy to clutch as you drive around Bombay.

There are many stretches of ramshackle, palm-thatched huts not much bigger than a dog kennel, where whole families live. Some of them lean sadly right against the foundations of smart modern apartment buildings.

The smell of unwashed humanity and human waste, the pungent odor of spices and oriental cookery that drifts from street stalls, the overpowering aroma of a herd of goats capering past your car or bus—these make a whiff of cologne a lifesaver in Bombay.

But there is a beauty here too, much that is inspiring in India's ancient culture, in her truly great strides towards better living conditions, sanitation and education.

It's an absorbing and stimulating country but no place to visit merely for fun.

You may arrive thinking only of the Taj Mahal and other fabulous sights to capture in your camera, of the treasures you will find in the shops.

But no thoughtful traveler can forget the people on the streets, the poor that we always have with us here, or the surplus farm products that glut our storage bins at home. —THE END

Book Reviews



Edited by BOYD SINCLAIR

YOU'LL WALK TO MANDALAY. By John Sibley. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, June 1961. \$3.95.

A highly unusual war novel set in Burma in the early days of World War II, with the focus on a hospital ship desperately seeking to carry wounded men to safety. Dramatic action, suspense, and a love story.

TO THE REAR, MARCH. By Joseph Coogan. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, June 1961. \$3.95.

Private Steven Leary hungered for overseas combat and glory—what he got was medical detail in an Army urinalysis lab seven blocks from home. Comic, well-plotted story of a home-front hero.

THE ENDLESS HOURS. By Wallace L. Brown. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, March 1961. \$3.95.

Captain Brown tells the story of his imprisonment by the inhuman Chinese Reds, just additional evidence that many animals are a higher order of being than the Communists.

RAMPAGE. By Alan Caillou. Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, June 1961. \$4.50.

A boldly conceived new novel by the author of "The Walls of Jolo," in which three strange wills clash savagely in the jungles of primitive Asia.

HISTORY OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS. By the Editors of Army Times. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, June 1961. \$5.95.

This book is being published to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the Signal Corps—from ten officers and thirty men in 1862 to 350,000 officers and men in World War II.

THE IKON. By Clayton Barbeau. Coward-McCann, Incorporated, New York, June 1961. \$3.95.

The inspiring chronicle of a young man, haunted by a vision of his own destruction, whose search for a faith to live by is fulfilled on the battlefields of Korea.

WAKE ISLAND COMMAND. By W. Scott Cunningham. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, June 1961. \$4.95.

A grim account of the defense of Wake Island in World War II, Japanese conquest, and imprisonment of the surviving defenders. The author, a retired Navy commander, was in charge of Wake's defenses.

HEIR APPARENT. By E. L. Withers. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, June 1961. \$2.95.

An excellent thriller adventure with a charming heroine in her seventies who saves a small child from the Nazis in World War II. The setting is an island off the coast of Italy.

THE ANCIENT WORLDS OF ASIA. By Ernest Diez. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, May 1961. \$4.50.

The author's knowledge of the civilizations, ruins, and excavations about which he writes makes this book one of unusual color and immediacy. Deals with the area from Mesopotamia to the Yellow River.

THE JOURNEY HOME. By Gerald Hanley. World Publishing Company, Cleveland, May 1961. \$4.50.

A novel of the struggle for power in an Indian state between a progressive maharajah and a revolutionary peasant. Neither have much success in changing the ageless habits of the people.

NEVER THE TWAIN. By Max Wyllie. William Morrow and Company, New York, May 1961. \$3.95.

A fast-paced, action-filled novel of India in 1943, the characters including aging British and Indian leaders who have been enemies for years, but who, nevertheless, respect one another.

FLOREANA ADVENTURE. By Margaret Wittmer. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, April 1961. \$4.00.

A German family's 27 years on a near-desert island in the Galapagos, carving out a farming home in the wilderness, surviving storms, drought, and melodramatic events. A simple saga of pioneering.

THE HUNTER. By Tuviah Friedman. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, March 1961. \$3.95.

Autobiography of the famous Nazi hunter and "conscience of Israel" who spent more than fifteen years searching for Adolf Eichmann. The case-breaking clues are developed, actual documents reproduced.



GRINDING RICE by camel power, near Karachi. Photo by Louis W. Gwin.

Testimonial Dinner

• On February 14, 1961, the Delaware Valley Basha held a testimonial dinner honoring Judge Vincent A. Carroll. This was a two-fold affair, to honor an outstanding local citizen and to raise money so that we could adopt some orphan children under the Foster Parents' Plan. We were successful on both counts; many of the Judge's friends turned out to honor him, and the Delaware Valley Basha raised enough money to adopt four orphan children thru the above plan in Hongkong. If some of the other bashas are interested in this type of thing to raise money for a worthwhile cause, I'll be glad to forward details.

AL FRANKEL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Donald Chesley

• Sorry to report the death of a 330th Engineers buddy, Donald Chesley, of a heart attack April 22, 1961. He was one of the original men of the 330th; boarded the Monticello 20 January 1943 for CBI; worked on the point, cutting the Ledo Road (Stilwell Road Campaign) for 439 miles; returned to U. S. August 1945. He was liked by all who knew him. His wife and two children survive.

C. C. CARTER,
Denver, Colo.

Reader 10 Years

• Have been receiving Roundup for over 10 years now and am enjoying it more as each new copy is read. I have to admit I am still looking forward to seeing a familiar name of someone I knew in CBI. There must be quite a few old hands that aren't aware of the terrific job you are doing in presenting the tales and news of our former "home away from home" to us. I was with 1342 AAFBU, ATC, Chanyi, China.

W. R. SECCOMBE,
Van Nuys, Calif.

Catching Up

• Check enclosed . . . please send me one each of your back issues of the Roundup 1948 to and including December 1960. Have been a subscriber since December 1959 when I first learned of the publication from Major Ray LaPointe, also an ex-CBIer now stationed at Boston Army Base. Enjoy the periodical very much and want to catch up on that which I have missed since the inception of Ex-CBI Roundup.

GENE SIRI,
Mesa, Ariz.

Merrill's Marauders

• Just recently became acquainted with Ex-CBI Roundup and would like to subscribe for your magazine. Being a member of Merrill's Marauders, 5307 Composite Unit (Prov.), Company K, C Unit, I am deeply interested. I would like to hear from some of the other Marauders.

HARRY W. CRAMER,
R. D. No. 2
Clymer, Pa.



OPEN AIR restaurant at Luliang, China. U. S. Army photo from Wilbur McAlister.



RICE THRESHING in progress at village near Kunming, China. The grain was knocked out by pounding the heads of bundles against a rock. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.

497th Service Squadron

• Enjoy receiving Ex-CBI Roundup very much. Was with the 497th Air Service Squadron. Would enjoy hearing from any of the members of my outfit.

MERVYN CONGER,
Petaluma, Calif.

USS Gen. McRae and arrived New York October 1945. Would like to hear from members of the "old" 958 Topo.

EMMETT J. BELL,
9205 W. Keefe Ave.
Milwaukee 22, Wis.

Tips on Travel

• All "drugstore cowboys" from east of the Rockies who are planning on driving to the San Francisco reunion should take a tip or two. It is a good day's drive across the desert somewhere along the way. Keep your gas tank filled. A gallon of water in can or jug (desert water bags, NO) comes in handy for it is a long ways between faucets. An extra fan belt, too, can be worth its weight in gold. Retreads are risky business out there; the scenery contains lots of retreads. Wouldn't hurt to know something of vapor lock problems of your own car before it happens on top of some mountain. And of course it is the most embarrassing situation to be locked out of your own car or lose your one key in a million acres of sand. These can be problems you might encounter, especially if you are pulling a trailer. Otherwise it is all one of life's greatest adventures for Eastern folks. And at the end of the road the greatest CBIVA Reunion ever held, worth every mile and every drop of sweat.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

958 Topo Engineers

• Have been a subscriber to Roundup for past several years and have long wanted to comment on how much I enjoy each issue. Read every copy from cover to cover the day it arrives. Was in CBI from August 1943 to September 1945, with the 958 Topo Engrs. Departed from continental U. S. in July 1943 on the USS West Point, landed at Bombay, went to New Delhi for three months and then moved to Barrackpore near Calcutta to set up operations. Company was preparing for move to China, and several units had already departed when war ended. Departed from India at Karachi on the



WHAT Calcutta scene would be complete without a sacred cow? An American GI, believed to be Bill White of Erie, Pa., joins two Indians in looking over the critter. Photo by Joel H. Springer Jr.

Commander's Message

by

Manly V. Keith

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Sahibs and Memsaibis:

Spring is "busting" out all over down South way—and I read in the papers spring is gradually burning through winter's ice in other parts. I'm glad! This is a wonderful time of the year when a good figure becomes more important to a woman than an expensive fur coat (this may really get me into trouble). Yes, each Spring is lovelier than the last, because each brings with it memories of all the others, especially when you become "forties." It's true that in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to? What is it? Well, I've nearly forgotten but now that skirts are shorter my blood pressure rises a point or two at a windy corner so it must be something about girls his thoughts turn to. Me—it takes two days now to cut and trim the yard, two days to recover and a week to get up the courage and energy to start all over again—Spring to me is sore muscles and tired blood!

Last week we took our daughter's Girl Scout Troop to Louisiana—man, have you ever traveled 600 miles with ten "young" teenagers? And have you tried to get "hep" to their lingo?

We went right into the heart of the "sugar cane country" and were those youngsters ever delighted with the difference in language and customs. I'm sure all of the girls decided to change their language courses from Spanish to French. These "Cajuns" really made one

big impression on our girls. One bright eyed Texas beauty asked in all seriousness, "Can we spend Texas money here?" It was Evangeline Country, you know the love story of "Evangeline," Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's immortal story of the Acadians who settled on the quiet, peaceful Bayou Teche in Southern Louisiana. This is beautiful country. We didn't get quite as far as Houma to visit our good friend Bill Ziegler (boy—he can be glad).

Only one time did those little jewels of tomorrow turn quiet and serene. We took them through a real plantation house, "Albania Mansion," at Jeanerette, La. This is one of the largest plantations in the South and one of the few that is still the complete original structure. It was started with slave labor in 1837 and built of hard hewn cypress. As the girls walked the grounds and rooms of "Albania" they walked back into the days of the Old South—completely engrossed in yester-years, and for a brief time fancied their selves as real French Aristocrats. Ah! that was nice. Then bang! "Let's go find that Cajun boy who told us those hair raising stories yesterday while on the boat ride down Bayou Teche"—everything was back to normal—Yes, Spring sprung at our house.

It was certainly good to learn that Dennis Loughman was back at home at Waynesburg, Penn., after an extended stay in Florida on his doctor's orders. We all hope he has fully recovered.

We've added something new this year in our local Basha. Each month a member has charge of the program—boy—you sure can get some variety if you follow the course. You never know from one month to the next what's in store. Take one meeting, for instance, at the Hackney's. We had a floor show complete with an "Exotic Dancer." You think that won't draw the crowd? Since then reservations are in a month ahead of time. In fact, it was such a success we decided to bring the act along to Frisco. It gave "Miss Kitty" some competition in our local basha. Now, with a little persuasion, Mack, our timid bartender at Cedar Rapids may put on same act for you.

Make your reservations now for our Annual Reunion in San Francisco at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel August 9-12. Twenty-four Texans' first stop will be Las Vegas (about August 6 or 7). Can't you just see Las Vegas with that many Texans shaking hands with 24 "one armed bandits." Why don't you make plans to meet us there and join our caravan the rest of the trip?

Salaams,
MANLY V. KEITH,
National Commander
4143 Wynona St.,
Houston 17, Texas



FAVORITE MEETING PLACE for young and old was the water fountain in Bangalore, India. Photo by Nick Katsaras.

Florida and Georgia

• CBI veterans are forming a basha in the Florida-Georgia area; all those eligible, if interested, are invited to call or write Dominick C. Messineo, 10 N. E. 59th St. Miami 37, Fla., phone PL-8-6816; or Lochrane Gary, 9951 Bird Road, Miami 55, Fla., phone CA-1-0500.

DOM MESSINEO,
Miami, Fla.

Deep Roots In CBI

• Had the notable experience of working for General Pick on several occasions. Early in the war, I was District Engineer at Fort Peck and later at Kansas City while he was Division Engineer at Omaha. Later, when he was in command of the Ledo Road, I commanded the 45th Engineer Regiment and spent almost two years on the road between Ledo and China. You can see that my roots in CBI went pretty deep. After retiring, I went to work for Utah Construction & Mining Company which meant travel and living in foreign countries much of the time and finally, in 1960, back in San Francisco in Company headquarters. Recently there came an opportunity to come to Panama to take charge of the office of an

affiliated company and I was very happy to get back to this part of the world which I have known and liked since 1924 when I was first stationed here as a second lieutenant in the old 11th Engineers. I am sure the San Francisco reunion will be a memorable one. We were just beginning to get acquainted with the CBI group when the transfer to Panama came.

R. SELEE,
Colonel USA (Ret.)
Panama, R. de P.

EDDIE STIPES,
Toledo, Ohio

Ohio State Meeting

• Toledo Basha was host to the Department of Ohio state dinner meeting Saturday, April 22, attended by approximately 60 members and wives. There were several out-of-state guests including Past National Commanders John Dawson of Detroit and Chuck Mitchell of Kalamazoo, Mich.; George Marquardt, national provost marshal, and Mrs. Marquardt from Chesterton, Ind.; Walter Stock, commander of Rochester, N. Y., Basha; and several other couples from Detroit including Mr. and Mrs. Wally Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weber. The dinner was held at Frankie's cocktail lounge. Then the caravan of cars drove to the Grotto Hall for the meeting and fun, following the installation of Toledo Basha's new officers. The state commander, Howard Clager of Dayton, Ohio, installed the new officers including Commander Chuck Stacy, Vice-Commander George W. Hibbert and Adjutant-Finance Officer Al Wilhelm. It was a fine turnout and all had a nice time.



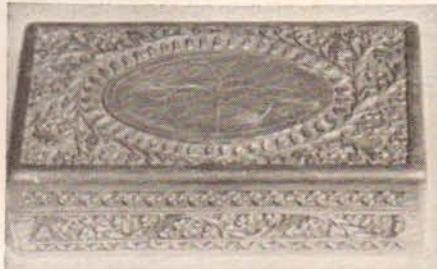
BRICK FACTORY at Liliang, China, with bricks spread out in neat rows. U. S. Army photo from Wilbur McAlister.

Sheeshamwood Carvings

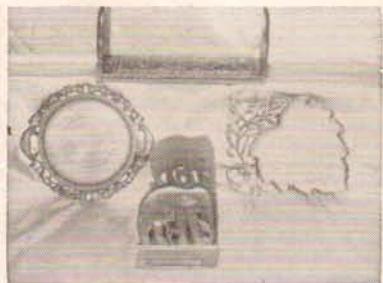


TABLE, 12" diameter top, 13" high, three legs folded in one piece. Ideal for flower pot, vase, etc. Only \$6.95 ea. Same table, 9" top, 10" high, only \$4.50

NEW SHIPMENT of ornately-carved sheeshamwood items includes the pieces shown on this page. Other sheeshamwood items include large screens, trays, trivets, etc., shown in our new catalogue, available free to CBI-ers.



JEWEL BOX, soft lining, carved and brass-inlaid top, 5 x 8". Only \$4.25 ea. Same box, 6 x 4" without lining, used as cigarette box, only \$3.00 ea



ELEPHANT BOOKENDS, 13" long, expands to 23", only \$3.75 ea. Trays shown in photo are not available at this time.



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